

# Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum



## Weekly Repository.

"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

### The Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

'These are 'fools' tricks,' said Mr. Dob, 'and I will soon discover by whom they are practised.' <sup>1</sup> Oh! how stupid I am! it is doubtless poor mons. Dupont, who is walking about 'in a passage formed within the thickness of the wall, that extends far along the castle, and finally opens in an obscure corner of the eastern ramparts.' <sup>2</sup> But the poor creature is very wrong to trouble himself; he must see that I am not Montoni, and that I am neither going to relate my history to a parcel of drunken wretches, nor am I going to deprive poor little Emily of her papers. <sup>3</sup> On the contrary, I love her with all my heart; I should only be very glad to get out of this place.' Saying these words, he searched attentively for an outlet, and, besides the folding-doors, and the flights of stairs, he perceived an iron grating, formed under a portico, which was nearly in ruins. By the light of a lamp, which hung from the dome of the vestibule, he could distinguish thro the bars of the grate an antique colonade, which lengthened until lost to the eye by distance. Feeling no sort of inclination towards opening the grate, and following the path before him, Mr. Dob turned towards the large door; it was carefully fastened; he prepared to burst it open, <sup>4</sup> when he observed its singular beauty, and withheld the blow: it appeared, on the first glance,

N<sup>o</sup> 7.

to be of ebony, so dark and close was its grain and so high its polish; but it proved to be only of larch wood, of the growth of Provence, then famous for its forests of larch.' 'Oh! I will not be more barbarous than the count de Willefort; I will spare this door in favor of its polished hue, and of its delicate carvings.' If I had but Ambrosio's silver myrtle, which was such an admirable master-key, I would use it, not to contemplate the charms of Antonio, but to return home in peace and quiet.' Saying this, Mr. Dob advanced towards one of the stair-cases; but perceiving on the steps, the print in the dust, of foot-steps of an immense size, he shuddered and approached the other, which struck him with no less horror, on remarking upon the stones several drops of blood. 'I'll not go *that way*,' said he, turning away; 'I prefer the passage on the other side of the grating, even if it should lead me to 'the ruins of a large and superb chapel.' <sup>5</sup> On reaching the grate he attempted to open it; 'The chilling damp which he felt on touching it, penetrated to his heart. The door gave way with a creaking sound, which re-echoed thro the roof. The grating shook, and the sound was followed by the reverberation of several loosened bars.' <sup>6</sup> By the feeble light of the lamp, he perceived, beyond the grate, a long gallery, the roof of which was supported by small pillars, very near to each other. At times, in the distance he could distinguish a light, which seemed occasionally to disappear, and

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again seemed to move across the gallery, without being carried by any one. 'Truly,' said Mr. Dob, 'this is the most curious light I ever saw; excepting indeed, 'the small and lambent flame' which Emily saw move on the terrace. 7 Which way shall I get out? here I am as completely shut up as ever poor Annette was; who was shut up so often! and there's no Ludovico coming to look for me! 8 If I go poking about under those colonades, it's a thousand to one but I shall at last find myself in a large vaulted chamber where I shall be forced to pass the night; without having like Vivaldi, a Paul to relate to me the beginning of a story, which he will not finish, in order to keep the reader in suspense. 9 Then, on the other hand, if I go up the stairs I shall be lost like Percival Mazzerini, 10 and should think myself very lucky if I do not meet with I won't say what; but, in short, what happened to Ferdinand in the south tower. 11 And yet, I must decide upon doing one or the other.' 'Without doubt,' rejoined a voice, in a sepulchral tone; 'and you have nothing left for it, but to traverse the grate.' Astonished at this address, Mr. Dob raised his eyes to the colonade; and, assisted by the light already mentioned, he perceived a tall figure among the pillars, walking with a slow and measured step. 12 The subterraneous voice added, 'Go thro the grate, if thou wouldst preserve thy life.' It may truly be said, that never was hero pursued, by spectres, stunned by mysterious voices, dazzled by miraculous lights, assailed by tempests, or attacked by banditti,—never was hero more agitated by contrary feelings, than was our own hero at this momentous period! 'Now it is really very hard upon me, when I know that there must be a shorter way to get out of this cursed colonade, to find myself obliged willy nilly to go thro it when I know full well I shall meet with all sorts of adventures. However, I must e'en do as others have done before me, to lengthen out the story.' He uttered these words with the utmost possible resignation, and advanced towards the grate; the folding-door of which opened of itself on his approach, grating harshly on the ear. He passed it; it shut again as quickly as did that of bandit's cave, upon Julia and Hippolytus; 13 of course, 'the bolt shot again into its fastenings.' 14 Startled by the horrid din caused, as usual, by all these movements, Mr. Dob would have retraced his steps; but the door which had closed after him was held by a spring lock, which could be opened on this side only with a key. 15 'Now I am fairly caught!' exclaimed Mr. Dob. 'I might have guessed these doors to have been made by the blacksmith of Mazzini. I now must needs advance.' Scarcely had he spoken the words, when three knocks were distinctly heard, and a voice exclaim-

ed, 'Lead on!' 16 'Ah! ah! said Mr. Dob; 'now he is going to conduct me to a saloon glittering on all sides with gold;' and where, like Sir Charles, I shall find a good supper, a mistress, a friend, a father, a father-in-law, and the heir of the King of Spain. 17 In that case, I shall not be badly off. But where are those who are to conduct me?' Here Mr. Dob perceived the before-mentioned, self-carried light, resting at some distance from him, as if to guide him. He next discerned several passages branching to the right and left, and which he had not till then perceived. 'I'll not go there,' said he with an air of satisfaction; 'I remember too well that Julia told Celestina, when guiding her thro a subterraneous cavern, not unlike this, that she must not leave the pillars; which pillars were unshaped masses, destined to support the earth, and prevent it from falling in: 18 some of them were shaped by the hand of art, while others were formed by unequal pieces of rock.' 19 Scarcely had he finished this soliloquy, when the light moved onwards, and he followed; not without the uneasiness natural to any one in a similar situation. 'Across the hall, the greater part of which was concealed in shadow, the feeble ray spread a tremulous gleam, exhibiting the chasm in the roof; while many nameless objects were seen imperfectly thro the dusk. 20 'I ought not to be alarmed,' continued Mr. Dob; 'Emily saw quite as much when 'visiting the tomb of her father, at the convent of St. Clair;' and no one ever knew what that was! It is true, that she deserved to meet with spirits, since she took the trouble in going in search of them, in a sepulchre, in the middle of the night; while she might just as well have gone in broad day-light; or at least have taken as a companion, sister Mariette, who was so ready to accompany her.' 21 During these reflections, which it must be allowed were not altogether *mal-a-propos*, he continued to advance thro the colonade; which now grew gradually narrower, and finally terminated in a door, which was left open. Thro this door the light passed, and Mr. Dob prepared to follow, when the same figure, which he had already seen, passed so close to him, that he heard 22 'a rustling as of garments near them; and unable longer to command his impatience, demanded who was there?' But, closely following his model, the figure made no more reply than did Zampari in the ruins of Paluzzi; upon which Mr. Dob involuntarily stopped, and exclaimed aloud, 'Upon my conscience, when phantoms are of no earthly use, it would be wise in them not to shew themselves!' But while our hero stopped to make this exclamation, the light had continued its progress. 'Now I would wager,' exclaimed he, 'that this light is going to vanish; just like the one which conducted Ferdinand along 23 the narrow wind-



ing passage: but not if I can keep up with it.' In vain, however, did Mr. Dob dart into the corridor, and run with all swiftness; the light disappeared, as he had foreseen; while the door closed after him with the most horrible of all horrible crashes; and that to a reader of romances was no trifle!

## CHAPTER V.

Now indeed was Mr. Dob plunged in embarrassment, as inexpressible as ever was the most enterprising of heroes; while he was tormented by fears, as real and as violent as were ever felt by the most timid of heroines! He knew not on what to resolve. To return being perfectly impossible, there only remained for him to advance, or to remain where he was. This latter alternative being one never resorted to (as Mr. Dob well knew) by any first rate personage of a romance, who is in duty bound to meet adventures at least half way, our hero resolved to do his duty by proceeding onwards. Satisfied with having so good a reason for so doing, (which is more than most heroes can say for themselves) he proceeded along the corridor, feeling his way thro its intricate windings. The darkness prevented him from distinguishing any object; but ever and anon he heard around him the noise of several doors, which shutting reverberated thro the vaulted roof; while close to his side could be clearly distinguished groans and stifled sighs; which ceased on his stopping to ascertain from whence they proceeded; but always recommenced with his own footsteps. 'These sighers and groaners,' said he, 'are not one whit more reasonable than all the others of their profession; for they make a point of sighing and groaning when one wishes them to be quiet, and of being silent when one wants to hear them.' Never did reflection stop a hero, however it may a reader. So that all this time Mr. Dob continued to advance; but soon his attention was attracted by the sonorous, monotonous, and solemn tones of a voice, which was apparently chaunting a hymn. 'Ah!' said he, after listening a moment, 'now I know I am in some dismal adventure! If I were but going, like Emily, to pop upon a *'vintage feast';*<sup>24</sup> or like Paul and Vivaldi, upon a troop of pilgrims, who are singing and making merry;<sup>25</sup> at least

[To be continued.]

[From the *National Messenger.*]

Gentlemen,—Having viewed with surprise the increasing disposition of our beaux and belles, for an extravagant out of the way kind of dress, I thought I would address you on the subject, more particularly as it grieves me to see the departure from delicacy that manifests itself in the dress of our girls of the present day. I am an old maid, and when I figured in the gay world, the least verging towards *nudity* was immediately discouraged by the more solid part of your sex—it was indeed with difficulty and after long struggling, that we could be permitted to divest ourselves of the covering for our arms; but alas! of all the changeable things in this mundane sphere, the fashions are most mutable; and what was with difficulty effected then, is with great facility got over now. The ladies dress to please your sex, and when they deviate from a correct standard, it is a sure mark of degeneracy of taste among you.

So much are pert little misses now-a-days bent on obtaining husbands, that they care not what exposition of their persons they make, provided they think it will procure them what they desire. At one time (and not very long ago) they presented to the eye of gaping coxcombs, as much of their beautiful bosoms as.....aye more than was delicate! this did not attract as they expected—all of a sudden, as if by magic, the alabaster skin was hidden from the eye, and I suppose they conceived it not more than reasonable, that they might *come up* in the same proportion that they *descended*, and display a beautiful slender ancle, &c. on promenading grounds. Now forsooth at this moment, after *up and down* has failed, they have run headlong into nudity, with scarce a fig-leaf for their covering, leaving back, breast, and arms exposed; laced with corsets (by way of a short life and a miserable one) until a vacuum in the back is left, where a peck of meal might be poured in without inconvenience to the persons. If all this fails, heaven help them, they may then like me sit in a corner and sing "*heigh ho,*" for a husband.

Women are fickle; that may in some measure palliate folly in them, but for your hopeful sex Messrs. Editors, there can be no excuse. For the last twelve months the moon has not oftener changed in her orbit than has your mode of dressing, in which you are, I believe, in a great measure gulled by the snips and haberdashers, who palm on you just what their poor miserable fan-

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|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1, 2, 3, 4, Mys. Udol.   | 15. Sic. Rom.           |
| 5. Grasville Abbey.      | 16, 17, The Tomb.       |
| 6. Celestine.            | 18. Celestine.          |
| 7, 8, Mysteries of Udol. | 19. Tomb.               |
| 9. The Italian.          | 20. Rom. of the Forest. |
| 10. Grasv. Abbey.        | 21. Udolpho.            |
| 11. Sicilian Romance.    | 22. Italian.            |
| 12. Romances in general. | 23. Sic. Rom.           |
| 13. Sicilian Romance.    | 24. Udolpho.            |
| 14. The Monk.            | 25. Italian.            |

cies dictate—five years ago, one might judge of your shape, symmetry of form, &c. (and heaven knows twas, and is, all we ever could choose you for) your clothes were made to fit like nature's covering the skin—now you live in an *inverted order* of things, and you, yourselves, if I may judge from your dress, are predisposed to that inverted order—your pantaloons which went tapering down your legs, are turned upside down and look like an inverted churn: your neat little hat shaped something like a sugar-loaf gave a pleasing appearance, because the presumption was your neck could bear it with ease to itself—but I declare to you I never look at the present hats on your heads, without being in pain for fear your necks will be unable to sustain them.

What has taken possession of the minds of our youth? they seem to have broken loose from all wholesome restraint, in the articles of dress—every new moon finds their habiliments perfectly changed; indeed it is dangerous for a man to order his clothes, for ten chances to one before he puts them on but the fashion changes. Your pantaloons which are *now* introduced seem to me like two salt-sacks tacked together, into which the Irish giant, if he were living, might jump with great ease—your coats, three months ago, were fashioned by a farrier, who had been accustomed to nick, dock, and mutilate horses, for they made you appear like a cropped barb horse—anon comes the switch-tail again, with a vengeance, as if you were troubled with flies and needed it to brush them away, or as if the tailors intended to make you useful by sweeping the stairs for the tavern keepers. Oh! tis a lamentable fact Messrs. Editors, that there is at this day a great degeneracy of morals as well as taste in our gentry; and I hope you will, as the *custos morum*, aid me in endeavoring to reclaim them—such has been the rage for peculiar dress that an association has been entered into by some young men of the city, who style themselves "*Dandy's*" or *Dandees*, and who launch into all the extravagant folly of fashion, with hair cut close, and combed down like a preacher, that they may have an appearance of sanctity, which their cold hearts could never feel, unless changed. I met one of them the other day and for the life of me I could not tell for some time whether it was a lady or gentleman. When I looked at its face, it appeared so smooth, and when I glanced my eyes down towards the panta-

loons, I for some minutes thought them petticoats—I could only fancy it a male by the coat: however it gives me much satisfaction to state, that there are a few worthy gentlemen who are determined, if possible, to *counteract* this passion for dress, not because they are unable to afford it, but with a view to correct, if practicable, the taste of those fair faced, petticoat, switch tail gentry, who loom so large. The members of *this* society, style themselves "*Anti-Dandys*," and I say, heaven prosper them in their worthy undertakings.

Yours, TABITHA.

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### The Olio.

No. VII.—*From the fireside of Lionel Lovelace, esq.*

How common is it for persons living in that display of pomp, and ostentation of wealth which disgraced the lives of the Persian Satraps, to turn with cold indifference from the petitions of indigence, and to refuse that assistance, which without materially lessening the number of their enjoyments, would contribute much in enabling their fellow-beings to provide against the melancholy of the season; relieve the distressed mother from the agonising pain of hearing her children cry for bread which she has not to give them; in some instances prolong existence; and in many prevent despair perpetrating acts at which itself afterwards shudders. This being the case, when we find true benevolence, we cannot bestow too much praise; but when to obey its dictates we see a young and delicate female, denying herself many domestic enjoyments, losing her rest and almost endangering her health, the text may surely with justice be applied. Lucinda's benevolence is not speculative, general or ideal, but of that active kind which frequently takes her to the abode of misery, while her gay companions are partaking of the fleeting pleasures of a ball room. I once found her performing an action, the recollection of which will never be obliterated from my memory. Returning home at an hour when the industrious and happy had ceased from their labors, and forgotten the cares and turmoils of the day in that sweet repose which is a concomitant only of virtue, when all around was still and calculated not only to remind man of his dependant state, but to excite the most reverential sentiments towards that all perfect Being, who had with such infinite wisdom arranged the material world, my attention



was aroused by sounds of distress, which I soon discovered proceeded from a small hut, whose very exterior bespoke the poverty of the inhabitants. A faint glimmering issued thro a half open casement, curiosity induced me to draw near, and on looking in I discovered such manifestations of misery, that forgetting I was breaking in on the sacred privacy of distress, I entered, when a spectacle 'which savage eyes could not unwept have seen,' presented itself to my view. In one corner was an old woman, supplicating heaven's high tribunal to prolong the days of an only daughter, who lay in the last stage of a most inveterate consumption, and who was then taking from the hand of the lovely Lucinda, some refreshing beverage which her kindness had prepared, while her patient, on whose countenance beauty 'still lingered,' between each mouthful in the plenitude of her gratitude, invoked the blessing of heaven on the head of her angelic nurse. After making the necessary apologies, I asked if she required any further aid, but she told me all human assistance was now useless, and it only remained to assuage the grief of the distressed mother, from whom I learned that Lucinda had long been the only support of this miserable remnant of a once happy and affluent family; that during her daughter's illness, she had constantly attended her with the most sisterly care, and that—Here tears of gratitude denied the good old woman further utterance, and overcome with a scene of such distress, I promised to see her again, and with a slow step and heavy heart walked home.

Would to heaven our fair ones could be induced to follow the example of Lucinda! they would find that the gratification of having performed so laudable an action would be incomparably greater and more lasting, than they can ever enjoy by their most assiduous attention to fashion or fashion's ways. Instead of spending their leisure hours in weeping over the imaginary distresses of a heroine of romance, to devote them to the relief of some miserable objects in real life; in so doing, they would find their manners softened, and the heart improved, for as a justly admired American author has asked 'what is the most genuine captivating politeness but humanity refined?' and instead of pursuing with eagerness that happiness which never existed but in the imagination of the novelist, they would learn how comparatively happy they already are.

But it may be asked what has become of the old woman? the benevolence of Lucinda has placed her in a situation in which she will pass the remainder of her days comfortably if not happily. Lucinda also has found the reward of her virtue for having since vowed eternal constancy at the shrine of hymen, she is now the happy mistress of a happy family.

LIONEL LOVELACE.

[By our Letter-Box.]

## The Mirror of Real Life.

By an association of Female Spies.

### PICTURE SECOND.

If the reader cannot see his own errors and faults in *this* picture, he may in the NEXT!

MRS. POP-IN TALK-ALL.

We dare say, there are few of our readers who have not, some time or other, been plagued with a buzzing, fluttering kind of animal, whose "*acquaintance-love*," for the time it lasts, is more troublesome than the officiousness of a *fop* to a *sensible lady*. We mean a race of mortals who will tell you all their own secrets, and those of others too, in an hour's acquaintance, and from thence presume they have a right to expect you should be equally as communicative to them. They will see one whether one will or not—there is no shutting one's self from them—they burst in upon one at all occasions and at all hours, and pursue one wherever one goes—they come galloping to repeat every thing they see or hear of—and one must be either wholly rude, or banish all thoughts of one's own, however agreeable or necessary, to listen to the vociferous trifles they are big with—and the only consolation one has, is the certainty of getting rid of them the next *new* acquaintance they make.

It was lately the misfortune of the *writer* of *this picture*, to be fastened upon by one of these 'Tempo Amyrians,' (if she may venture to call them so without offending the male-critics,) and during the zenith of her fondness, she had not a moment she could call her own. This fly-about, whom we shall show to *herself* by the name of Mrs. Pop-in Talk-all, called in "*just to see*" the writer, when we had all met at her house, to communicate to one another the intelligence we had gained the preceding week, and in defiance of the charge given to

the servants to admit no one, forced herself thro them, and flew directly to the room where we were sitting. As she entered without ceremony, so she made no apology for the abruptness, tho she found her acquaintance had company, and might easily have seen by her friend's countenance, how little she was pleased with her visit, if she had not been too tenacious of a welcome for the news she brought, which she said was of so much consequence that she could not sleep a wink until she had made her "*dear friend*" a partaker of it.

As it was not from a lady of her understanding that we could expect any intelligence in the least calculated to "reform the faulty, or give edifying amusement to those who are not so," no answer was given to the compliment she intended; but seeming to take no notice of our indolence in this point, and without waiting to see whether her friend grew more inquisitive or not, began immediately to unlade herself of the *fardle* she had brought with her.

She informed us, she had been that day at \*\*\*\* had seen the charming *Mrs. Dotage*, the late amiable *Miss Bloom*, it being her first appearance in public since her marriage;—described *every article of her dress*—told us how beautiful she looked—how all the young men envied the happiness of old *Dotage*, yet at the same time sneered at the unequal match, and seemed to promise themselves some agreeable consequences from it....how some, as he led her to the head of the room, cried out, *May and December!* others *Fire and Frost!* and a thousand such like reflections, which the new wedded pair could not but expect, and any one might be assured would be made without being an ear-witness.

After having said all she could on this *edifying* affair, she started up, and with a promise neither wished nor requested by her friend, of calling on her early the next morning, took her leave with as little ceremony as she had "*popped in so friendly.*"

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Dr. Priestly was so deeply impressed with the power of children to impart pleasure by their looks and gestures, that he said, to a person who asserted in a large company, that our Savior never smiled, "It cannot be true, he must have smiled, when the little children were brought to receive his blessing." A FATHER.

[By our Letter-Box.]

### HUMOR.

Rembrandt, the celebrated painter, perceiving the uncommon reverence paid to the works of posthumous genius, determined to speculate upon that passion likewise. He counterfeited a sudden death, and his widow was clad in dismal sable, and shed tears of hypocritical avarice. The funeral was attended with suitable solemnity. On the return of the widow, the conversation turned to the inestimable works this child of genius left behind him. They were examined, criticised, and innumerable beauties discovered, such as never could be seen in the works of a living artist. They were finally exposed to public auction, and commanded a most extravagant price. At length, Rembrandt arose from the grave, and enjoyed the money and the jest!

M. Chateaubriand, in his travels thro America, has the following curious observation—"The Spaniard, in a new colony begins by building a church, the Englishman by building a tavern, and the Frenchman by building a ball-room." When among the Cayugas, he was informed that he would meet a *compatriot*, among the Indians. His guide led him into a forest, where in the midst of a score of savages, decorated in the most fantastic style, he perceived a little Frenchman, frizzed and powdered as of yore, in a pea-green coat, embroidered waistcoat, and ruffled shirt, scraping a pocket-violin, and making the savages dance Madelon Friquet. Monsieur Violet, was dancing master to the tawny gentry, and was paid for his lessons in beaver skins and bear hams. He had been scullion to general Rochambeau during the American war, and when the army departed from New York, he resolved to remain and teach the *fine arts* to the natives. His views expanded with his success, and this second Orpheus carried civilisation into the bosom of the wandering hordes of the new world. In speaking to Chateaubriand of these Indians he always said, *Ces messieurs sauvages—ces dames sauvages*. He extolled the nimbleness of his scholars, and, in fact, never was such bounding seen before. When mons. Violet, holding his little violin between his chin and his breast, began to strum the magical instrument, and call out in Cherokee, *To your places!* the whole troop was marshalled in an instant, and began whistling and jumping aloft like a band of demons. D.



[Presented by a Lady.]

## MANUSCRIPT PORT-FOLIO.

No. III.

## LIONEL AND EVELIN.

Happy passed the days of Lionel and Evelin, until the unprincipled son of grandeur beheld the blooming fair one—beheld and marked her for ruin. By various arts his cruel ends succeeded. Alured by promises of future grandeur, Evelin listens to the voice of flattery, and falls a willing victim. Disappointed in his fondest hopes, the hapless Lionel, prompted by despair, rushes into every scene of guiltless folly—heedless of fault, but, for a time, careful not to pollute himself with crime. Careless of life, regardless of the future, he at last seeks destruction, and too soon finds it. A small fortune scattered in the madness of desperation, is quickly exhausted. Of this truth, he soon becomes conscious. Involved in debt, without the power to extricate himself, unfeeling creditors hurry him to prison—a mournful mansion, but for him a happy home; for there the unhappy youth becomes sensible of his weakness, and sheds the tear of repentance. He turns with sorrow to that awful Being, whose gracious power can lighten every pain. A happy change succeeds; and death, but late a dreaded foe, now appears a welcome friend. Before the curtain drops o'er life's last scene, he thinks of her who first claimed his love—the once innocent but now lost Evelin. The recollection calls forth all his tenderness—he remembers but too well, she was endeared to him by every charm of innocence—he thinks on her present situation, and trembles for her future state. At this critical period, between life and eternity, he relieves his soul by pouring forth its sentiments, with all the delicacy of refined affection, the pathos of commiseration, and the meekness of contrition.

## LIONEL TO EVELIN.

When this arrives, from grandeur's splendid scenes  
Retire, and call to mind the injured man  
That owns the name of LIONEL!

Come, gentle spirits, nurs'd where stillness dwells,  
That rest with hermits in their sacred cells:  
For sure, no less than heav'nly pow'rs can move  
My soul from error, or my heart from love.  
Attend a wretched youth, each line inspire,  
And check the rise of unsubdued desire;  
So may these numbers needful aid impart,  
And find a passage to lost Evelin's heart.

Wrong'd as I am, affection holds her reign,  
Thy fall, frail Evelin, I must ever mourn;  
Thy sad remembrance sharpens every pain,  
And makes this breast with keener anguish burn.

Deceiv'd in thee, by fatal impulse driven,  
I bade false pleasure chase the gloom of care;  
Yet soon an awful stroke from injured heav'n,  
In mercy, saved me from the last despair.

Offended God! on whom we all depend,  
Whose eye pervades, whose presence fills, the whole.  
To whom afflicted man is forced to bend,  
Oh, calm this frenzy rising in my soul!

Bid each guilty scene depart,  
Twined by memory round my heart;  
Say to passion, cease to roar,  
Rend his troubled mind no more.

While to death's dark gloom descending,  
This weak frame is downward bending,  
Heavenly Father, be my friend!  
Mighty Power, that views my anguish,  
Thou with pain I long may languish,  
Raise my hopes, and cheer my end!

From cells far distant from the light of day,  
Where no relief the sons of woe can find,  
Where many a wretch has pined his life away,  
Where wants consume, and shameful fetters bind,  
These strains proceed—

Yet think not, that by these I wish to move  
Your pity now, with scorn denied before!  
No! let my Evelin fly from guilty love,  
In time be warn'd, and Lionel asks no more.

Still loved, still dear! attend the friendly strains,  
Unlike to those which oft now meet thine eye;  
Oh, think how often folly ends in pain,  
And let my sufferings teach thee how to die.

My life, and death,—how short the space between!  
A few more sighs, and every grief is o'er:  
The hour arrives that ends this troubled scene,  
When every thought of thee can rise no more.

Hear, then, oh hear! nor let me plead in vain,  
Retire, and turn to injured Heaven in prayer;  
Confess thy failings with remorse and shame,  
Till every alter'd thought be center'd there.

Turn to thy closet, steal from fatal joys,  
Then, then, fair Evelin, on thy conduct dwell:  
Let Lionel's wrongs a silent hour employ,  
Look back on scenes you must remember well.

Say, fair deluded, if amid the round  
Of glittering pleasures that so soon decay,  
The glow of real happiness be found,  
Thou all admire, and all around be gay?

Ah, no! full oft reflection must arise,  
Nay, it is known, you once with grief remov'd  
From the gay dance, retired with streaming eyes,  
By sorrow summon'd from the scenes you loved.

Let not such tears, my Evelin, fall in vain,  
Embrace repentance while it may be found;  
Well pleased, will Heaven attend the sinner's pray'r,  
With all its bright immortals smiling round.

Turn then, from fatal error while you may,  
Reflect on poor *Matilda's* sudden fate;  
Denied a warning, summon'd swift away,  
Her tears, dear *Evelin*, fell, but fell too late.

Snatcht from the folds of pleasure's soft embrace,  
In all the swelling pride of beauty's bloom;  
That form attractive, and that lovely face,  
Now feasts the worm that riots in her tomb!

As April sunshine, quickly veil'd with shade,  
Gives one faint watry gleam, and dies away;  
So every charm fair *Evelin* boasts will fade,  
And all her joys, by folly raised, decay.

No more, beloved! my latest earthly care!  
Prepare for better joys; my hope is heaven!  
Let thine be there, and we may meet again:  
For oh, my *Evelin*, *Lionel's* love extends  
Beyond the grave: And when to Heaven's throne  
I humbly raise my final pray'r for mercy,  
Then, then, shall thought, in life's last moment, turn,  
And wander back to thee.

LIONEL.

[By our Letter-Box.]

## TO MIRA, after a lover's quarrel.

Come, Liberty! come bless a swain,  
From Cupid's shackles just set free;  
Come, give my bosom ease again,  
And I will own no queen but thee.  
Now, light and free as ambient air,  
From nymph to nymph I'll gaily rove;  
I feel my bosom void of care,  
Since, grown more wise, I've ceas'd to love.

Tho *Mira's* cheeks the roses show,  
Tho she has pleasure-sparkling eyes,  
And tho her skin's as white as snow,  
Yet age soon comes and beauty dies.

Enrapt in magic chains of love,  
I thought her sweeter than the morn;  
But ere too late, I chanc'd to prove  
The fairest rose was clad in thorn!

I was a slave—but now I'm free,  
No more I feel the rankling dart:  
Hail, lovely maid, sweet Liberty!  
I clasp, I press thee, to my heart.

No more long sleepless nights I'll pass,  
*Mira* no more has charms for me;  
With equal love I view each lass,  
And glory in my liberty!

To Science now I freely yield  
The hours once spent in trifling glee;  
I see display'd the well stor'd field,  
And find that it has charms for me.

Then Love farewell! to thee adieu!  
No more I'll own thy pow'r again;  
Now other objects I'll pursue,  
And live the happiest, blithsome swain.

WE.H.

## ACROSTIC.

Fierce pow'r of nature, friend, or foe, of man,  
I'm found in air, on earth, in ev'ry clime;  
Reduc'd by me, shall fall this world's great plan,  
Earth change it's state and end the reign of time.

WE.H.

The Editor will oblige a Lady by inserting the following lines in his paper. The Lady is conscious that they possess no merit in themselves; but she is desirous of *retaliating* on one who has troubled her, and some of her female friends, *not a little*, by his *rhyming*!

## TO CHARLEY.

I pr'ythee, Charley, what's the matter,  
Dost think, the way to win's to flatter,  
And ever be a *rhyming* at her,

Poor Charley?

Are you in love, or deem it pretty  
To sigh thy soul in amorous ditty,  
To waken some fair lady's pity,

Poor Charley?

First, 'Mary' fires thy grey-goose quill,  
Mary, whose 'very glance could kill,'  
But that turn'd out a bitter pill,

Poor Charley!

Next, 'lovely D.' allures thine eye,  
Whose 'voice!' 'face!' 'form!' are 'harmony!'  
I vow, the boy's a fool, thinks I,

Poor Charley!

Thinkst thou, that Mary and Miss D.  
Thy folly and caprice can see,  
And have the least regard for thee,

Poor Charley?

Stick to thy Counting-room, my lad,  
Or men of sense will think thee mad;  
O, how I wish I was thy dad;

Poor Charley!

I'd make thee mount *again* the mast,\*  
And should thy *fishing* spirit last,  
Then thou mightst whistle to the blast,

Poor Charley!

\* Charley formerly 'follow'd the seas.'

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1818.

MARRIED, on Thursday evening, 19th inst. by the rev. Dr. Janeway, Mr. William H. Hart, merchant, to Miss Matilda Maybin, daughter of John Maybin, Esq. all of this city.

*A Honey Moon!*—At Branford, in Connecticut, a Mr. N. Frisbie was married to a Miss Marta Olds, on Tuesday, the 27th ult. had a daughter born on the next day; was put in the stocks on the Thursday; and committed to jail in New-Haven on the following Friday; where he still remains.

## LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM,

Printed & Published, every Saturday, by H. C. Lewis,  
No. 164, South Eleventh Street.

PRICE..... { By the year, Three dollars, } in advance.  
                  { By the quarter, One dollar, }